

ADVENT A.D. 1981



The Anglican digest



'S WINTER SELECTION
FULLY AND WONDERFULLY MADE

CREAM OF THE CROP

Dr. Paul Brand & Philip Yancey

Fearfully & Wonderfully Made

A Surgeon Looks at the Humanity of the Spiritual Body

Fearfully & Wonderfully Made

EBC Winter Selection

Publisher's price \$9.95; EBC members save almost four dollars and a dollar each on additional copies if desired — postpaid, of course.

coming into the world of a new Life which, like all creation, is fearfully and wonderfully made.

At the same time, St Luke's teachings harken back to the strength of body, soul and spirit that sustains life.

The two are, indeed, all of one piece.

The result is what modern journalism calls a "theme" issue.

For us, the editorial planning that is demanded by every appearance of TAD has been transcended by the theological work-out — and adventure, if you will — of relating St Luke tide and Advent and setting each within the context of the other. These are, in turn, set over and against St

(Continued inside back cover)

Cover: Antique figures and high altar, Cathedral Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Pa; photographs by Margaret Tiffany.

WE HAVE been preparing this issue of *The Anglican Digest* and studying this season's selection of the Episcopal Book Club, *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made*, during the period traditionally known as St Luke tide — those waning days of autumn that follow the Feast of St Luke the Beloved Physician and bring us closer to Advent.

EBC's winter choice seems to speak directly to both of these seasons.

Advent heralds the



The winged ox, symbol of St Luke's Gospel, marks articles related to its ideas of healing and atonement.



the anglican digest

some things old
 many things new
 most things borrowed
 everything true

LOOKING AHEAD TO '82

FOR SOME time I have been fascinated with philosopher Abraham Maslow's concept of "self-actualization": (becoming the person you were meant to be), which may bear a striking similarity to the "abundant life" espoused by Jesus. It has led me to examine both vitality-robbing factors in life and enhancing ones. . . . Six areas apparently crucial to sustaining vitality:

- 1) Strong sense of *purpose* in life, a perspective on existence in time and space, however brief.
- 2) Ability to extract *meaning* from important experiences as they occur . . . to identify a sense of purpose in life and derive a significance from the present that contributes to one's overall purpose.
- 3) A *future-focused role-image* in which the sum of life is not merely the product of haphazard circumstances. . . . One can influence and help shape one's own future. Further, one desires — *demands* — to participate in making decisions that may affect the direction life takes.
- 4) Opportunity to exercise *creativity* in most activities, whereas the person lacking vitality often feels restricted, thwarted, and frustrated in exercising creativity. Creativity appears to be among the most fundamental of human drives, yet we have only recently begun to give it serious scrutiny. There are many myths associated with it, but one particularly

important fact remains: we all have it, but for the most of us creativity remains dormant, even repressed. We are becoming increasingly aware of its innate importance, as well as its usefulness in coping with change, stress, and normal life experiences.

5) Opportunity for continual growth, whether in personal lives or in careers, plus recognition that growth is a personal responsibility although seldom steady, linear, or infinite, and that many major experiences have to be renewed or enriched from time to time, or they will die a natural death.

6) Reasonable autonomy, both on the job and personally. Recent

findings strongly suggest that people want and need to have discretionary authority with respect to how and when they complete their activities, and that this autonomy contributes to their vitality.

There are, of course, many other factors that can either heighten or diminish vitality—but these six consistently stand out as characteristics of persons who are able to sustain vitality and more fully develop in a healthy, holistic sense.

—Nelson Otto, Ph D, *Soundings*, Diocese of Minnesota



TO ANTICIPATE IN 1982: A new book, *Ah, But Your Land Is Beautiful*, from the distinguished publisher, Charles Scribner's Sons, by the widely acclaimed author, Alan Paton. Since *Cry, the Beloved Country* (later staged on Broadway as *Lost In the Stars*), he has been allied with Anglicanism in the fight against *apartheid*—the hard, anti-Christian segregationism so deeply entrenched in South Africa, “the beautiful land.” He has accomplished much and now at 78 adds a moving vignette of life that perhaps more than anything else will absorb you in one of the most prolonged follies of God's children. EBC members will save \$6.70, including postage.

FR JAMES B SIMPSON, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

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FR H L FOLAND, FOUNDER (1958-80)

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And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child with Mary his mother, and fell down, and worshipped him; and when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts; gold, and frankincense, and myrrh. —St Matthew 2:11

SENSE IN INCENSE

INCENSE has been used from time immemorial. It is commended for use in the first books of the Old Testament and was used regularly in Jewish worship. Incense was one of the three gifts brought to the Infant Jesus by the Magi.

Offering of incense was practiced by the Jews and Romans. With the Romans, incense was used to indicate reverence for the emperor, and refusal of any citizen to burn incense in honor of him was regarded as proof of disloyalty — sometimes punishable by death.

In the Jewish-Christian tradition, however, incense is offered only to God, and so many of the early Christians suffered martyrdom rather than burn incense to the emperor. They did not make a distinction, as most of us do today, between religious and patriotic observances. Today, we see nothing contrary to religion in such patriotic ceremonies as saluting the flag or standing as the national anthem is played, but early Christians re-

garded the burning of incense as a recognition of divinity, and thus were ready to die rather than burn incense to the emperor.

Incense was used continuously in the early Church to show reverence to God. The Christians agreed with the Psalmist, who sang, "Let my prayer be set forth in thy sight as the incense."

When protestantism entered the scene in the 16th century, the use of incense was dropped, and it was left to the Roman Catholic, Orthodox and Anglican Churches to preserve the use of incense as a part of Christian worship. Since our human nature is physical as well as spiritual, it is in accordance with our nature to accompany our prayers with some sort of physical action, such as kneeling, the signing of the Cross, the lighting of a candle, or the burning of incense. God, of course, does not need the candle or the incense, but He is pleased that we worship Him in accordance with what is natural to us. To limit our worship to thoughts or feelings or words is to offer God only a part of ourselves:

to accompany our worship with physical actions is a more complete offering of our nature to Him.

This is why we use ceremonial in our worship, and it is why we light candles and burn incense. God knows that we are not pure spirits, and He does not expect us to be purely spiritual in our approach to Him. A purely spiritual approach would be, to us, artificial and unrealistic, for it is contrary to the nature which God has given us. In the Revelation of St John the Divine and the picture of heavenly worship, incense is used: "And



another angel came and stood at the altar with a golden censer; and he was given much incense to mingle with the prayers of all the saints upon the golden altar before the throne; and the smoke of the incense rose with the prayers of the saints from the hand of the angel before God."

The use of incense, and of other outward and visible actions is not only scriptural, but is of true value. To refuse these things is to withhold from God an important part of our nature. To use them, cheerfully and reverently, is to do homage to God, with all we are and all we have. —Rector of Our Saviour, Atlanta, Diocese of Atlanta



LET ME THINK

IF I GIVE NOTHING — I cast a vote in favor of closing my church.

IF I GIVE ONLY TO LOCAL SUPPORT — I vote to stop missionary activity in this hour of great world need.

IF I GIVE GRUDGINGLY — I shall find no joy, nor receive the blessing of the Lord.

IF I GIVE PROPORTIONATELY — I shall give something even if, of necessity, mine must be small.

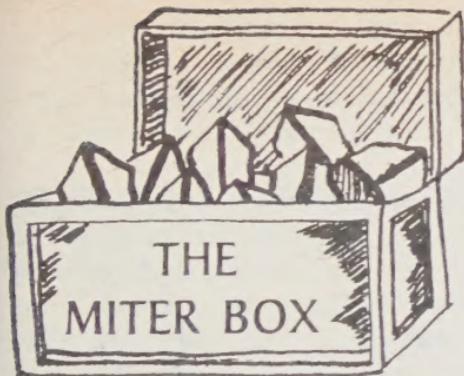
IF I GIVE SYSTEMATICALLY — I make it possible for my church to plan in advance and make it easier for myself.

IF I GIVE SACRIFICIALLY — I shall testify to the high value I place upon Christ and the Church in ministering to the physical and spiritual needs of suffering humanity. —*Faith & Prayer League* via Christ Church, Hackensack, Diocese of Newark



Always put off until tomorrow what you shouldn't do at all.

—A parish bulletin (Diocese of Fond du Lac)



-elections and Appointments:

Ishmael Samuel Mills Lemaire, VII Bishop of Accra (since 1968) and sometime Canon of Accra and later Archdeacon of Sekondi: Archbishop of West Africa succeeding Moses Scott, retired.

Girault McArthur Jones, 77, retired VII Bishop of Louisiana (1949-69): Interim Dean of St Luke's School of Theology, University of the South, Sewanee.

Peter Hatendi, 54, sometime Lecturer at St John's Seminary in the City and Diocese of Lusaka in Zimbabwe: VIII Bishop of Mashonaland, the first native black to become the Ordinary.

Donald Maynard Hultstrand, 54, Minnesota-born and educated at Macalester College and Bexley Hall, at the time of his election rector of Trinity, Greeley, Diocese of Colorado: IX Bishop of Springfield, succeeding Albert William Hillestad, 57, retired.

Peter Mumford, 59, Suffragan of

Hertford (since 1974): XII Bishop of Truro.

Gerald Bruce Muston, 54, Federal Secretary of the Bush Aid Society of Australia (1969-71) and an Assistant Bishop of Melbourne since then: Bishop of North-West Australia, succeeding Howell Witt, translated.

John Vernon Kestell Cornish, 50, a journalist with the *Queensland Times* before his ordination and presently an assistant bishop of Perth: Bishop of Tasmania, succeeding Robert Davies, retired.

Kenneth John Woollcombe, 57, consecrated 40th Bishop of Oxford in 1971, more recently an Assistant Bishop of London, has succeeded the Rev'd John Collins as a residential canon of St Paul's Cathedral.

Retirements and Resignations:

In 1981: *Edward Ralph Wickham*, 70, Bishop of Middleton, Suffragan to Manchester for the past 22 years – but he will remain in Manchester as an assistant bishop. In 1982: *Eric Wild*, 67, III Bishop of Reading, Suffragan to Oxford, since 1972, and sometime Archdeacon of Berkshire; *Harold Charles*, 67, Bishop of St Asaph (a see dating from 560) since 1971 and a former warden of Church Hostel, Bangor (1948-52) and of St Michael's College, Llandaff (1954-57); *Mark Green*, 64, III Bishop of Aston, Suffragan to Birmingham,

since 1972; *Gwilym Owen Williams*, 68, Archbishop of Wales since 1971 and Bishop of Bangor since 1957.

👑 Honors:

John Boyd Bentley, 85, Virginia-born and educated I Suffragan of Alaska, 1931, II Diocesan, 1943-48, was honored on the golden jubilee of his consecration, the Feast of St Michael and All Angels, with a Eucharist at St John's, Hampton, Diocese of Southern Virginia followed by a luncheon arranged by his successor, William Gordon Jr, also retired and living in Midland, Diocese of Michigan.

John Dickinson, 80, Assistant Bishop of Melanesia, 1931-37, and more recently assistant in the Diocese of Newcastle, England, was thrice honored on the golden jubilee of his consecration — on Sunday at St James', Riding Mill, where he is unofficial curate, and the following day at Shepherd's Dene, the diocesan retreat house, where he is head gardener (he considers five hours of digging a good day), and finally with a luncheon at St Nicholas' Cathedral.

Herbert Alcorn Donovan Jr, XI Bishop of Arkansas: Doctor of Divinity from Virginia Theological Seminary, where he graduated in 1957.

Henry McAdoo, Archbishop of Dublin: the Cross of St Augustine for services to interchurch relations (specifically, completion of the final report of the Anglican-Roman Catholic International Commission); bestowed at Lambeth Palace by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the same award was given to a fellow member of ARCIC, *Alan Clark*, Roman Catholic Bishop of East Anglia.

^K Deaths:

Thomas Maurice Hughes, 86, whose entire ministry of 55 years was spent in the Diocese of Llandaff, Wales, and who was its Assistant Bishop (1961-1970).

Frank Oswald Thorne, 89, Bishop of Nyasaland from 1936 to 1961 and Dean of the Province of Central Africa from 1955 to 1961.

Henry Arthur Stanistreet, 80, Bishop of Killaloe, Kilfenora, Clonfert and Kilmacduagh, Ireland, from 1957 to 1972.



Not Herod, not Caiaphas, not Pilate, not Judas ever contrived to fasten upon Jesus Christ the reproach of insipidity; that final indignity was left for pious hands to inflict. To make of His story something that could neither startle, nor shock, nor terrify, nor excite, nor inspire a living soul is to crucify the Son of God afresh and put Him to an open shame.
—Dorothy Sayers (1893-1957)

TWO TO MAKE READY



OUR BLESSED LORD seems to have had a splendid staff of scribes — the Gos-pelers, the indefatigable Paul, and a host of others.

A healer of our own time, EBC's current author, Paul Brand, has but one, Philip Yancey, an able, dark-eyed young Chicagoan with a neatly kept head of hugely curling hair.

Their book, *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made*, is not, praise be, a matter of physician-and-ghost writer. Indeed, the good doctor had already authored one notable book while Phil Yancey was still in high school. Centering around Dr Brand's specialty in hand surgery, it was entitled *Ten Fingers for God* (McGraw-Hill, 1965). Although regrettably out of print, it confirmed the doctor's penchant for squirreling away manuscript notes based on his practice, medical papers and personal meditations. He had a sheaf of 90 pages — "part typewritten, part doctor's scratchings," says Yancey — that he was persuaded to dig out of his desk shortly after the two men met at a medical conference in the Windy City in 1975.

The husky Yancey, then only 26, was already well along as a professional writer. He had recently completed a study called *After the Wedding* based on interviews with nine couples on the first five years of married life. (Two were Episcopalian, he remembers; six years after its publication he is glad to report that all but one are still married.) He had also written *Unhappy Secrets*, a series of essays on problems Christians encounter. He was, in fact, still reading galley proofs on it when he made the first of five visits to Dr Brand's office at the US Public Health Service Hospital at Carville, La.

"Dr Brand has an unusual viewpoint on pain," Yancey recalls in pinpointing what first interested him. "He has often said that if he had one gift for his patients it would be the gift of pain. It is God's indicator of trouble; without it there is loss and waste often undetectable to the patient."

(In a memorable scene in a Tennessee Williams play, a patient snuffs out a cigaret in the palm of a nursing sister, knowing it will hurt her far more than the victim of leprosy might be able to experience.)

Perhaps the background the two men have in common, without realizing it, is that they are from fundamentalist Baptist families.

"I grew up in a denomination called the Strict and Particular Baptists," says Dr Brand. "From it I learned faith and love for God and the Bible. Unfortunately, I was also taught how crucially better were we than every other Church. We were not even allowed to have Communion with other Baptists. My great grandparents, Huguenots, had escaped from Roman Catholic persecution in France, and we were taught that nuns and priests were akin to the devil. My Christian growth since those days has required some abrupt adjustments."

Philip Yancey was born 4 Nov 1949 in Atlanta. His father, the pastor of a Baptist church, died of polio when Yancey was a year old. Family responsibility passed to his mother who joined the staff of a Chicago high school and is now a college teacher. Yancey characterizes the church of his childhood as rigid, but adds that he has spent recent years trying to find a valid faith built on the principles of that background. He attends the LaSalle Street Church, a mellow stone structure that has passed from its German Lutheran builders to a Japanese congregation to its present non-denominationalists with a membership of about 400.

With his medical missionary parents and later as a pioneering researcher of leprosy in India and Africa, Paul Brand became acquainted with the Rt Rev Leslie Neubigin (an Anglican who joined the Church of South India and is now retired to Birmingham) and the Rt Rev John Taylor who for years was active with the Church Missionary Society before becoming Bishop of Winchester in 1975. (One of Dr Brand's favorite quotations is Bishop Taylor's observation that "the Holy Spirit is the force in the straining muscles of an arm, the film of sweat between pressed cheeks, the mingled wetness on the backs of clasped hands: He is as close and unobtrusive as that, and as irresistably strong.'')

Except for their childhood grounding in fundamentalism, the authors come from differing backgrounds altogether. They are years apart in age, almost father and son, and are separated by a thousand miles in residence. Paul Brand is a balding and graying physician whose face crinkles when he smiles; he wears a clinician's white jacket in his sun-filled lab; Yancey works alone, tap-tapping a typewriter in an



partment on Chicago's north side. His main experience of the Episcopal Church is, he says, "the marvelous music I hear when I walk past the Church of the Ascension."

Dr Brand and his wife confine their lives mainly to the hospital compound which is 45 minutes by car from Baton Rouge or an hour's plane flight to New Orleans. Of their six children, one is married to a patient at Carville, two others are nurses, another is doing a medical residency at the University of Washington, still another works for BBC in England. Their only son is fish farming on a volcanic site in Hawaii.

After his childhood in India, Dr Brand trained at University Hospital in Gower Street, London, the same institution cared for by the All Saints Sisters for more than 30 years (see TAD's last issue). He was licensed as a medical doctor in 1942 and completed his qualifying exams the following year. Long concerned with bone structure, it is ironic that he now suffers from a slipped disc.

In contrast, Yancey's solitary life as a free-lance writer is relieved by occasional visits to suburban

Wheaton where he is Executive Editor of *Campus Life*, a magazine published for some 250,000 high schoolers and collegians.



He has recently returned from Kenya, Somalia and Italy, a tour of refugee camps

run by a relief group known as World Concern. His wife, Janet, who comes from West Palm Beach, is director of senior citizens work at Cabrini-Green Housing Project where Chicago's Mayor Jane Byrne lived for a while earlier this year.

Yancey's trips to Carville have given him a gradual introduction to the vast literature of leprosy. One of his first observations was on the "kissing wound," a lesion that looks like two lips between the fingers, the result of a burn of which the patient was unaware.

About five years ago, says Yancey, "there was hope the germ causing leprosy could at last be controlled but it appears to have developed a stronger resistance than expected." His first introduction to *micro bacterium leprai*



Never let us be discouraged with ourselves; it is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember, for our consolation, that we never perceive our sins till we begin to cure them. —Francois de La Mothe Fenelon (1651-1715)

was a clouded one because the tiny microcosm, usually scrapings from the mouth or nose, is tinted with dyes. Nevertheless, he is well acquainted with the basic facts of classic leprosy — namely that it strikes the cooler parts of the body (earlobes, nose, fingers and toes) and that it does not endanger a fetus.

Of their work, Yancey says that

“the book works on three tracks — the medical material about the body, the physician’s personal story, and the spiritual analogy of the physical body as compared to the spiritual body of Christ.”

He adds that “the glue is the person and experience of Dr Brand. His life itself lives out the principles we are trying to convey.” —JBS†

IT'S HIGH TIME

A CERTAIN preacher of great oratorical gifts, and greatly loved by his parish, nevertheless used no terminal facilities in his sermons. Often he would go on and on, oblivious of time, “lost in wonder, love and praise” to the great distress of even the most devout among his flock.

The vestry, without informing him in advance, installed a large round clock against the balcony railing, so that as the preacher faced the congregation he could not fail to see the rebuking time-piece.

That installation, however, did not deter him, and the long

sermons continued. He began to notice that a number of the brothers and sisters were straining their necks, turning around, glancing over their shoulders, to see what time it was. Consequently, the priest had a sign painter prepare a disc, exactly the size of the clock face, and on it was this verse which the neck-twisting saints held: “It is time to seek the Lord.” (Hosea 10:12)

The clock was removed forthwith, the preacher mended his wearisome way, and peace reigned once more in Zion. —*Flying Lion*, St Mark’s, Warren, Diocese of Rhode Island



All of this world will soon have passed away. But God will remain, and thou, whatever thou has become, good or bad. Thy deeds now are the seed-corn of eternity. Each single act, in each several days, good or bad, is a portion of that seed. Each day adds some line, making thee more or less like Him, more or less capable of His love. —Edward Bouverie Pusey (1800-1882)

TAD sees a very special hospital

ST LUKE'S, FITZROY SQUARE



THE REV'D Peter Charles Nicholson, the new General Secretary of St Luke's Hospital for the Clergy, has a daunting task. Every day he has to raise around a thousand pounds for the unique institution set up by doctors in 1892 in the City and Diocese of London to provide immediate medical and surgical treatment, without charge, for clergy of the Anglican Communion, their wives, widows and dependent children, monks and nuns, ordination candidates, deaconesses, and full-time lay workers licensed by a bishop.

On the cusp of its diamond jubilee, St Luke's has only 27 beds but manages to treat over 1,100 patients a year. More than 90 leading consultant-surgeons and physicians give their services freely. (Following English custom, the 39 surgeons—including four women—are not called doctor: it is a title reserved for the 44 physicians, anesthetists, pathologists, and medical officers.)

Dozens of patients from all over Britain are treated every week. In addition, they came in 1980 from the Sudan, Matabeleland, Nigeria,

Turkey, the Bahamas, Malta and other distant places. Americans and Canadians are also eligible.

"St Luke's is always full to capacity and constantly has a bank overdraft but God is very good," says Fr Nicholson. "Recently, 30,000 pounds was spent on upgrading the operating theater. On the day the account arrived for 13,400 pounds, the hospital received a gift of 20,000 pounds. On the very day the final account came, there also came a legacy to cover the cost. A church warden, himself a painter in the Diocese of St Albans, sent five men to redecorate ten rooms entirely without cost; a charitable trust kindly supplied 20 of the most modern hospital beds; 27 new bedside lockers at only ten pounds each were acquired from a cancelled order destined for the Middle East."

Good breaks and bargains are, indeed, very much a part of the picture. The hospital has 837 deanery representatives in England and Wales who try to raise an annual donation from every parish. (In addition to budgeted gifts, many contribute special offerings taken during St Luke's tide.) It is a matter of pride of friendship that

60 parishes — from Bramley, Broome and Bosham to Great Corsham, Combe Down and Much Hadham — gave a hundred pounds and over.

On the diocesan level, 49 (including 25 boards of finance) contributed generously. Gifts also have been received during the last year from nearly a hundred individuals, trusts, companies — and 34 pounds from a 94-year-old who wished to pay the hospital's television license fees.

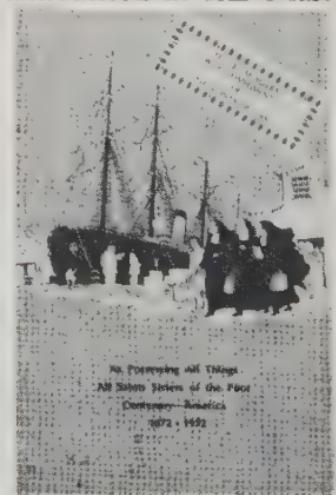
On a one-to-one basis, the General Secretary sends scores of handwritten letters to charitable trusts. Parishioners organize coffee, bring-and-buy sales, and

countless buffets to maintain St Luke's — small undertakings that nonetheless combine to meet costs that have jumped from 88,500 pounds in 1974 to 353,000 in 1980.

"The parish hall has been destroyed by vandals, the heating system has packed up and the organ needs major surgery," lamented the Vicar of St Philip's, Norbury. "However I am glad that my people decided that we must help your work." (St Luke's replied that it "could probably help with the major surgery on the organ provided it could be anesthetized!")

"Through it all the aim of the

Another dividend for EBC members: As announced in TAD's last issue, the winter Book-of-the-Season will be accompanied by an absorbing history of another of Anglicanism's great old orders, the All Saints Sisters of the Poor. The book and a booklet about the community's current work is included entirely free of charge with the best wishes of the Sisters. As we stated earlier, the decision to distribute a pair of histories in consecutive mailings (*The House of My Pilgrimage* was enclosed with the fall book as a gift of the Sisters of St Margaret) was made deliberately so that readers who may consider a religious vocation, or wish to encourage one, can compare two outstanding societies before arranging a personal visit to a religious house.



No. Forgetting All Things
All Saints Sisters of the Poor
Centenary America
1872-1972

hospital remains clear," continues Fr Nicholson. "It exists to take clergy in for treatment when parish duties permit and when a *locum tenens* can be obtained. Its aim is to get them dealt with speedily and back on duty among their people. Among recent patients have been several whose work would have been severely curtailed but for St Luke's. A priest from Derbyshire would have had a three years wait had we not come to his aid."

Administratively, the Archbishop of Canterbury is president *ex-officio*. The dynamic new chairman is bushy-browed General Sir Patrick Howard-Dobson, GCG. Sir Patrick was, until recently, Vice Chief of the General Staff of the Armed Services; he is the son of a greatly loved priest from the east of England. Vice presidents include the Archbishops of York, Wales and Cape Town, Lord Coggan, the diocesan bishops of England and Wales, and several suffragans.

(Archbishop Runcie was kept from last spring's annual meeting — three days after his US trip — by an official call from the President of Nigeria. As if in recompense, Rosalind Runcie came to play a piano concert last fall with a tenor and quartet from the Royal Academy.)

"St Luke's is an oasis of peace and love at the heart — West 1 — of the throbbing capital," Fr Nicholson goes on. "It has a de-

voted, caring Christian staff. Those who have given years of selfless service to God and to others receive care and treatment in the later years of their lives."

In fact, St Luke's could hardly hope for a more centralized location. It is one of those singularly unique institutions that a visitor comes upon with surprise amidst the sprawling city's squares and parks. Bounded roughly by Euston Road and Oxford Street to the north and south with Great Portland Street and Tottenham Court Road to the west and east, it feels fortunate to be in close proximity to Harley Street — London's famous "doctor's row" — so that its volunteer medics are conveniently at hand.

Curiously, St Luke's was known as a hospice (its original corporate name) long before the word came into current popularity; for a while it was called a nursing home as were many British hospitals.

Founded by an English canon in a small house in Beaumont Street, it moved within two years to larger quarters at 16 Nottingham Place. In 1904 it took up residence in six-story, adjacent houses in Fitzroy Square. After one house had been rebuilt



the new premises were opened in 1907 by Queen Alexandra. The second house was rebuilt and opened in 1923 by Queen Mary. In subsequent years it has had many other memorable visitors, including the Queen Mother in 1957 and Princess Alexandra in 1977.

Stepping inside, a caller immediately sees the recently redecorated chapel. Its Wednesday and Sunday Eucharists — usually

celebrated by priests from All Saints, Margaret Street — are relayed to all the rooms and the Sacraments are taken individually to patients.

"The hospital is delighted to receive visitors, and members of the Episcopal Church abroad will be given a great welcome," promises the energetic Fr Nicholson, 56, a former vicar and canon precentor in the Diocese of Peterborough. □

TAD goes to a leprosarium

A MEMOIR OF CARVILLE

WHEN I arrived as the new curate at Trinity Church, Baton Rouge — Louisiana's capital — in June, 1953, the biggest surprise in my list of duties was to help the rector provide Holy Communion to Anglican patients at the United States Public Hospital in nearby Carville [the institution served by EBC's current author].

The hospital for the treatment of Hansen's disease probably was sited in southern Louisiana because of its sub-tropical climate resembling that of the home regions from which many of its victims came. The overall impression remains vividly with me. The road going south from Baton Rouge curved and twisted for some 16

miles over hills that are rare in that part of the state. It was narrow and I was struck by the fact that it seemed seldom traveled, winding among live oaks and cypress bearded with Spanish moss. The hospital grounds had the well barbecued look that one has come to expect of government property; the whitewashed buildings were blinding in bright summer sunlight. But the total effect was lovely and more exotically suggestive of island jungle than any area of the diocese.

We went to the office of the chaplain, a large red-haired Presbyterian in the khaki uniform of the Public Health Service. He had a brass portable communion kit of the sort used by military chaplains, but we had brought along our



own. My rector, Fr A Stratton Lawrence Jr [now retired to Talladega, Ala] had served as a World War II Army chaplain, so we were well equipped for the occasion. It was the only time, though, that I had seen him slip into the chalice a small metal compartment for communion wafers that allowed one to communicate rapidly by intinction. At that time intinction was thought to be very low church and normally my Anglo-Catholic principles would have evoked a protest, but on that occasion I was willing to suppress my scruples.

I recall very little about the chapel itself, probably because of my interest in the congregation. It seems now as though there was a faithful group that ranged from 15 to 30 on the monthly occasions when a priest from the Baton Rouge clericus went down to celebrate. I remember them for their devotion. I could always count on a fan letter from one member of the congregation when I gave the daily devotions on a Baton Rouge radio station.

During my brief association I learned a fair amount about Hansen's disease — that it was far less contagious than was generally believed, that treatment could arrest it, and that there were many people walking the streets of every city who had undetected cases of it. The crippling was not as dis-

figuring as I had expected, and in some patients was not evident at all.

The main impression, though, is the Biblical attitude that leprosy was not just a disease but supernatural evil. It was impossible to demythologize, however much medical knowledge was available to counter the superstition. The fact that what is referred to as leprosy in the Bible was often not Hansen's disease at all, but often no more than psoriasis did not mitigate the awe that all seemed to hold for the malady. One of the first times I celebrated the Eucharist after my ordination to the priesthood was at Carville, and, even though communion was by intinction, the horror of the word *leprosy* was still with me. For the only time ever, it was with great reluctance that I drained the chalice and performed the ablutions. Myth is stronger than science. Indeed, so much of the suffering of the good people in our congregation was not physical but the psychological stigma of the ancient and dreaded disease. —Fr O C Edwards Jr, Dean, Seabury-Western Theological Seminary, Evanston, Ill (Diocese of Chicago)

“We have Episcopalians!” confirms Sister Marido, superior of the Daughters of Charity of St Vincent de Paul, the Roman Catholic order

which in the 1860s expressed a specific calling to serve leprosy patients. Her early predecessors, deserted by workers who feared any sort of contact with leprosy, took up hoes and shovels themselves, digging canals to drain the swamp.

("With no prior construction experience, teams of Sisters in starched, sweltering habits, dug foundations and erected buildings," writes Dr Paul Brand. "Only they cared enough to touch and treat the disfigured patients who came to them in the darkness of night.") In a cheerful, gracious conversation, Sister Marido expressed regret that she, a Puerto Rican professed in 1968, has "not yet had the pleasure of meeting Anglican religious." The hospital is no longer remote, she said, since large manufacturing companies have built plants in the area. The sisters miss the Spanish moss and natural beauty. Chaplancies are evidently less of a localized re-



sponsibility. In accord with Vatican II, its Roman Catholics and others desiring Holy Communion, now receive both bread and wine. However, Sister Marido points out, "intinction these days may have more to do with the various forms of administering Communion, including a priest's preference in any parish, than with the fear of contacting disease." In her own convent of a dozen nuns (they abandoned the high starched coronets in 1964 in favor of a simple blue habit they all wear) two of the sisters are lepers because of their mission work in Colombia; still another patient is a Canadian priest who had served with the White Fathers in Africa. The hospital has 200 resident patients with about 175 more holding outside jobs but coming periodically for treatment. Its pharmacy filled 154,000 prescriptions last year. "Once you are committed to this work, you cannot worry about contagion," she concludes. "It would not help you do your work and it would certainly not help the patients." □



Strive to see God in all things without exception, acquiesce in His will with absolute submission. Do everything for God, uniting yourself to Him by a mere upward glance, or by the overflowing of your heart towards Him. —St Francis de Sales (1567-1622)

A HEALING ODYSSEY



YEARS ago there were several friends in the Order of Saint Luke who expressed a genuine interest in my joining. Instead of pressure or coercion they gently put its manual in my hands and asked me to read it. They made their witness but left me entirely free to do my own thinking and to make my own decision.

In terse phrasing it introduced me to a large new field. I was gratified to see what was being done in a consecrated fellowship. I learned that the Rev'd John Gaynor Banks and his wife, Ethel, were co-founders of the Order and its magazine, *Sharing*. Dr Banks, who had received his inspiration from the Rev'd James Moore Hickson, an Englishman, who launched the healing movement, beginning with the Episcopal Church in America. The Banks were steadfast in faith, utterly unselfish with time, ability and means — and totally dedicated to the Healing Christ. For a long time they waged an uphill battle but through their perseverance and the power of the Holy Spirit, their efforts took root, produced many believers and made possible innumerable healings.

The next Warden was Dr Albert Price. Under his vigorous leadership the healing work continued to grow and spread in Episcopal churches and beyond.

Later I went as a guest to the Order's annual meeting at St Stephen's, Philadelphia. I faced the decision whether to join. I weighed the decision thoroughly, prayed and waited for God's guidance and direction. There were pros and cons. I could see how easy it was to be identified with the people at the meeting where everyone was open in expressing his faith in the Healing Christ. On the other hand, the thought came to me that if I should commit myself to the Healing Christ, what would I do when I returned to my strongly conservative, traditional parish in historic Richmond, Va? Would they disown me? Would they ask me to leave? Would they think I was crazy?

Moreover, what would my fellow clergymen think and say about my decision?

Finally I was convinced that Christ was calling me into the Healing Ministry so when Dr Price gave the invitation to join the Order I was moved to get out of my

pew and walk down the aisle in the presence of several hundred people.

Through the Holy Spirit there were other Christians who wanted to be identified with the Healing Christ. Soon there were more than 50 members in the Richmond Chapter, including Episcopal, Presbyterian and Methodist clergy. There were even more people attending the healing services than those who belonged to the Order. They came from Richmond and the outlying communities as



—From All Saints, Nevada, Diocese of West Missouri

far away as 50 miles. The healing ministry spread, far and deep. I continued to be involved during my 23 years as rector of Christ Church, Little Rock, Diocese of Arkansas, and I travel widely for it as a retired priest.

I shall always be grateful to God for His initiative in leading me into the healing ministry and the Order. Joining it has been one of the richest blessings in my life, a means of personal spiritual growth, an awareness of my absolute dependence upon God for my own physical and spiritual health. It has taught me my dependence upon the faithful for their prayers for

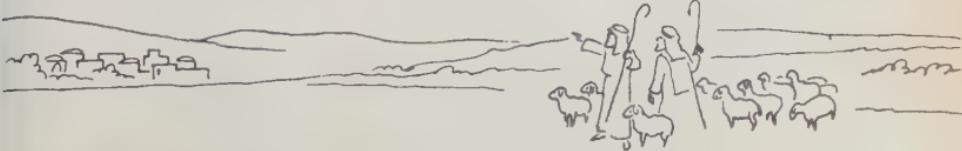
God's healing. It has taught me that only God can heal. Indeed, there are many things that a person can do all alone but healing cannot be done without God. What I have received from the Healing Christ through the Order of Saint Luke has opened up an entirely new, wonderful field of service in which Christ is personally at work. —Fr Rufus J Womble, North American Warden, Order of Saint Luke

GOOD JESUS
PHYSICIAN of souls and
bodies, make all sickness a
healing medicine for the soul;
SOOTHE by your presence
each ache and pain,
HALLOW all sufferings
with your own all holy
suffering.
TEACH me & all sufferers,
to unite them with yours so
that they may be hallowed by
yours. *Dr. Pusey* Amen.
Help me O Lord my God, O save
me according to your mercy.
Eg - P 29 # 109. 25.

The Church is not a gathering of people who wish to live in safety, but rather it is a communion of faithful who have been entrusted with a mission. —*L'Osservatore Romano*

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

1. **Thou shalt not leave Christ out of Christmas**, making it "Xmas," for this is the sign that thou art lazy-minded, and spiritually listless. To most minds 'X' stands not for Christ, but for the algebraic unknown.
2. **Thou shalt not value thy gifts by their cost**, for verily many shall signify love that is more blessed and beautiful than silver and gold.
3. **Thou shalt give thyself with thy gifts**. Thy love, thy personality and thy service shall increase the value of thy gift a hundredfold, and he that receiveth it shall treasure it forever.
4. **Thou shalt not let Santa Claus take the place of Jesus Christ**. In many homes, Santa Claus supersedes the Christ Child, and Christmas becomes a fairy tale rather than a sublime reality in the spiritual realm.
5. **Thou shalt not burden thy servant**. The shop girl, the servant and the merchant should have thy consideration.
6. **Thou shalt not neglect thy Church**. Its Christmas services are planned to help spiritualize the Holy Christmas season for thee, thy child and thy household. The Church represents Jesus Christ, the only true defense against rising evils.
7. **Thou shalt not neglect the needy**. Let thy bountiful blessings be shared with the many who will go hungry and shiver with cold unless thou art generous in their time of want.
8. **Thou shalt be as a little child**. Christmas is the day of the Christ Child. Not until thou hast become in spirit even as a little child art thou ready to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.
9. **Thou shalt prepare thy soul for Christmas**. For verily most of us spend much time and money getting gifts ready, but few seconds in preparing our souls to meet Christ.
10. **Thou shalt give thy heart to Christ**. Let thy Christmas list have Christ at the top and thy heart as the gift, for in so doing thou art as the Wise Men of old, and verily thou shalt find thyself born again on Christ Day.
—Rector, St Andrew's, Colinton, and St Thomas', Perryvale, Diocese of Athabasca, Canada



An invitation to readers everywhere

CHRISTMAS 1981



HANKS to many of you, the Episcopal Book Club has considerably and gratifyingly increased its membership since last Christmas.

With the help of many more of you, we can keep on growing. If you're a booklover, you may already know of our books and love them as we do.

If you're a booklover *but too busy to read* — a malady of modern times — your Book Club membership is still valuable because

1. It enables us to purchase books in volume at lower costs.
2. It keeps you supplied with the ideal spur-of-the-moment gift for others.
3. It gives you the latest books to have on hand just in case the Lord grants the calmer pace you've been hoping for in '82.

EBC needs you because it wants to continue to serve the Church with its unique Ministry of the Printed Word:

Nowhere else in the whole Anglican Communion is there any other agency that surveys the world of books and puts the "Cream of the Crop" into the hands of the faithful at the lowest possible price (\$6.25 per book, postage paid; stop in any bookstore and you will see at once what an unbeatable bargain we offer!).

Moreover, the Father Founder's original offer still stands: you may return any book that you do not find *positively sound and entirely interesting!*

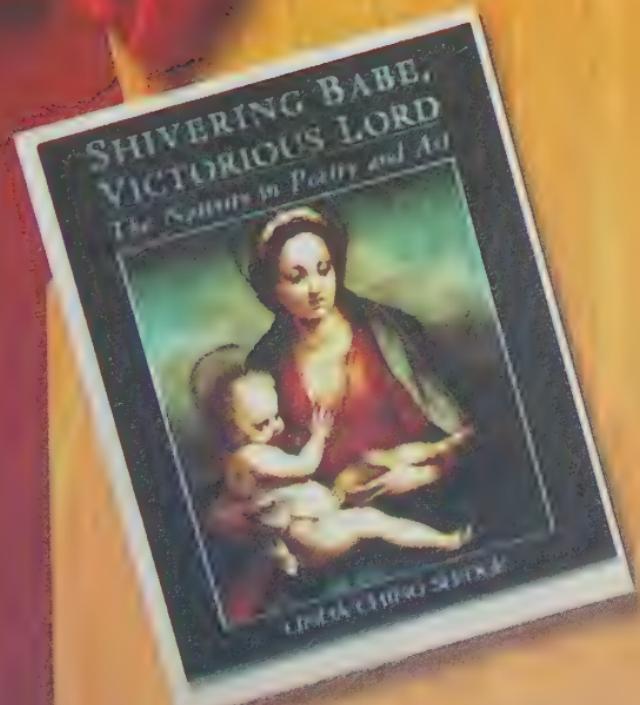
If you're a Scotsman from Bishop Seabury's land of consecration, you will especially appreciate these perks:

1. Savings of from 30 to 70 percent off the publishers' prices.
2. Matching bookmarks and bookplates, typographically coordinated with the Book-of-the-Season plus *Embertidings* that brings book notes and news of the Hillspeak community.
3. The opportunity, as an EBC member, to purchase any book mentioned in TAD at 10% off the publisher's price.
4. From time to time, bonus books, free of charge, are sent to members.
5. In addition, special half-price values will be offered on occasion.
(See page 46 for EBC membership application.)

To EBC members, for the first time ever, a half-price offer —



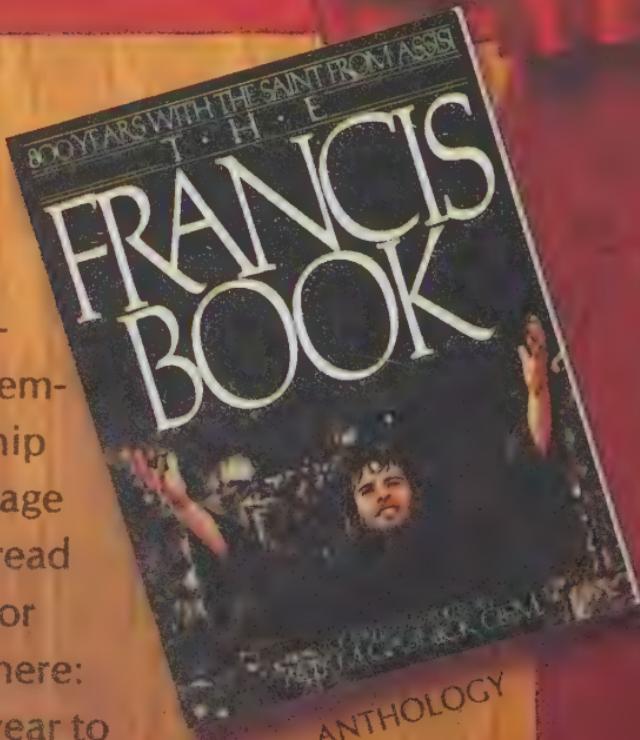
The tender story of our Lord's nativity, the best in painting and poetry in one stunning volume, prepared by a brilliant Chinese-American scholar, Linda Ching Sledge, PhD, herself a young mother.



Newly published, its retail price of \$24.95 has been slashed to \$12.50 for EBC

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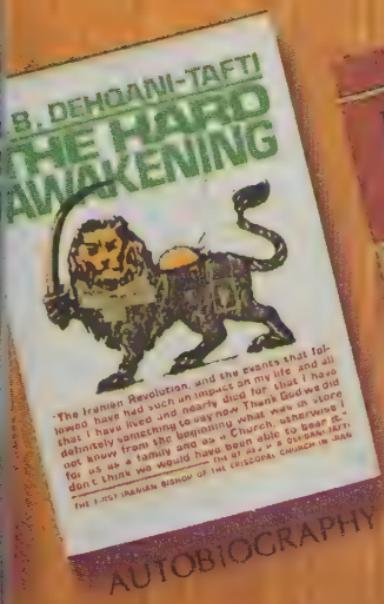
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come will be
even more entralling!

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for the asking as the new year unfolds

Cathedral of the Nativity,
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania



O, LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM



EFITTING its Biblical name, the Lehigh Valley town of Bethlehem, Pa, calls itself "the Christmas city."

Shunning colored bulbs and Santa Claus, its people place simple white lights of welcome in almost every window of their homes. A 50-foot star glows atop South Mountain. Evening carols echo from the historical district. And the Episcopal Cathedral Church of the Nativity (shown at left and on TAD's cover) beams with beauty for the birthday of the Saviour.

In its title, Nativity is unique but, in the sphere of dedicatory names relating to the same great feast, it keeps company within its diocese with St Gabriel's, Douglassville; St Mary's, Reading; Holy Family, Wind Gap-West Bangor; Prince of Peace, Dallas; and Epiphany, Glenburn. In combing the Anglican Communion for similarly named cathedrals, TAD has found only one other — the Pro-Cathedral Church of the Holy Nativity, Ndola, Diocese of Central Zambia — although there are numerous parish churches (51 in the US

Photograph by Canon John Docker.

alone) and the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity, Fond du Lac, Wis. The Diocese of Bethlehem's 65 other parishes run heavily to such traditionally favorite dedications as Christ Church (8), Trinity (7) and St John's (6).

Appropriately enough, the see city of Bethlehem was founded by Moravian migrants from a Pennsylvania town called Nazareth. Both were stopping points in the 1740s for the *Unitas Fratrum* or Unity of Brethren (known today as the Moravian Church) who had abandoned their homes in Savannah, Ga, when the question of bearing firearms was pressed upon them.

Upon their purchase in 1741 of 500 acres for the present city of Bethlehem, a general economy system was instituted by which all crafts, trades and industries were managed by the Church and everyone worked for the good of the Congregation.

Except for the American Revolution and the War of 1812, nearly nine tranquil decades slipped by before the construction of the Lehigh Canal opened the area to outside industry. In 1844 the lease system was abolished, formally opening the town to non-Moravians.

In regard to frontiers, an observer of the 1960s noted that California's Rt Rev James Pike had shaken "a diocese of innate conservatism that accepted as a truism that whereas Presbyterians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, Mormons, and atheists came with the Gold Rush, the Episcopalians waited for the Pullmans."

By something of the same reckoning, it can be said that Episcopalians in the soon-to-be-born Diocese of Bethlehem waited for the canal.

Its completion brought Churchmen such as Asa Packer who set up the Sauconia Iron Company, predecessor of Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and William Sayre, founder along with Packer of the Lehigh Valley Railroad.

In 1862, Packer, Sayre and others established the Church of the Nativity. They completed the stone structure as the Civil War drew to a close. Reflecting the area's growth and prosperity, considerable enlargement followed in the 1880s. At the turn of the cen-



The diocesan seal is highlighted by the seven-pointed Star of Bethlehem and two Jerusalem Crosses associating the jurisdiction with the Holy City; the chevron bears five plates from the arms of William Penn for whom the state is named.

tury, a memorial hall and tower were added. An unusual architectural feature is an ivy-covered cloister encircling the apse.

The sanctuary —centered by mosaic figures of Christ and the Evangelists— is distinguished by a wrought iron choir-screen delicately pierced and gilded. Its central cross high above the chancel steps is flanked on each side by three superbly crafted golden angels. In a nearby corner a slender pavillion of highly polished brass shelters the baptismal font which, for Christmas, is augmented by a semi-circle of spruce or cedars. The clay figures of the manger scene, made in Europe, have kept watch every year since 1910 when they were given to the Cathedral; some are slightly smoked from having survived a 1938 fire, a few have been replaced.

The same group which founded Nativity as Bethlehem's first parish (the town of 65,000 has since accommodated two more, Trinity and St Andrew's, both original missions of the Cathedral) were instrumental in establishing Lehigh University in 1865 and St Luke's Hospital in 1873. (Now in its 116th year, the university has several thousand students while St Luke's, long an autonomous institution, is a busy medical center). The Ordinary is a member of both boards. For years the campus in-

cluded Leonard Hall for pre-seminary students, many of whom went on to Philadelphia Divinity School.

As for the Diocese of Pennsylvania, dating from 1787 when its Bishop and the 1 Bishop of New York were consecrated in London's Lambeth Palace, its initial division came with the creation of the Diocese of Pittsburgh in 1866. Bethlehem followed in 1871, Harrisburg (now Central Pennsylvania) in 1905, and Erie in 1911.

Under the guidance of six Diocesans, Nativity and its fellow parishes have concentrated their attention on numerous projects. Their concerns include Talbot House, Lebanon, a therapeutic center for adolescents; Kirby House, Mountaintop, a conference center; and two residences for middle-income elderly, both called Episcopal House, at Allentown and Reading.

Meanwhile, the Cathedral with a congregation of 1100, almost twice

the size of any other parish, remains a center of diocesan life. While few of its families live within walking distance, it at-

The cathedral seal and date of founding is an oval enshrinining the Holy Family in the stable at Bethlehem.

tracts daily activities including the Lehigh Valley Pastoral Institute staffed by ten persons for continuing education for clergy. Situated high on the south bank of the Lehigh River, its ambulatory offers a commanding view of the town and valley, the Bethlehem Steel plant running for miles along the river to the east and Lehigh University perched on the side of South Mountain. □



TAD TAX TIP TO THE THOUGHTFUL

MANY thoughtful Hillspeak benefactors have made year-end contributions to TAD and EBC in years past. With the changes upcoming through the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981, it is, more than ever, advantageous to benefactors to do so before the end of 1981. By so doing, TAD will be receiving a much-needed boost to offset the postage increases imposed in November and to meet its winter fuel bills (yes, it gets cold in the Ozarks) and TAD and EBC supporters will get extra mileage out of their tax-deductible donations. (An envelope is bound into this issue and a contribution form appears on page 46.)

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM



S THE whole world knows by now, they got "to the church on time." In the doing, the archives of Anglicana absorbed much ecclesiastical addenda.

The weekend before the royal wedding, the *Sunday Times Magazine* divulged that not only the groom's parents but the bride's parents, too, had been married at Westminster Abbey. The fact that latter marriage ended in divorce is now believed to be one of the behind-the-scenes reasons for favoring St Paul's.

For the record, Lord Spencer's first nuptials were solemnized in 1954 by Percy Mark Herbert, Bishop of Norwich (1942-59). The mother — at 18 the youngest Abbey bride since 1900 — already had two little girls by the time the future Princess of Wales was born 1 July 1961. One of them, less than a month earlier, had been bridesmaid for the Duke and Duchess of Kent. It was one of Michael Ram-

sey's last official functions at York Minster; 19 days later he was enthroned at Canterbury.

Young Diana's baptism was at Sandringham Parish Church. While it is a country parish of the royal family, the Spencers chose the Abbey for the baptism of their long awaited male heir in 1964. The Queen was one of six Godparents. (A baptism that took place the Monday before the wedding was that of Princess Anne's second child, christened Zara Anne Elizabeth by the Dean of Windsor, assisted by Geoffrey Tiarks, III Bishop of Maidstone, suffragan to Canterbury, 1969-76.)

Other points for the Abbey: early in the summer its choirboys defeated St Paul's 4-0 in football. Moreover, the wedding hymn chosen by the Prince, "Christ Is Made the Sure Foundation," appears in *Hymns Ancient and Modern* to the tune "Westminster Abbey."

St Paul's was resounding to that hymn when viewers got their first close-up of Archbishop Runcie:



new cope of white and pale turquoise. Modernistic without a formal hood, silk folds hanging loosely, it came from the hands of the seamstress who had whipped up his enthronement cope of cream and gold — the versatile lady who in fact, shares ownership and, with a string of teen-aged daughters, looks after His Grace's prize Berkshire hogs! The glistening bead-work of the orphreys — diamond shaped panels framing a cross down each side of the cope — readily caught the floodlights. (Two days earlier *The Times* had given Lord Snowdon's portrait of the Archbishop in his wedding robes a huge play of four columns half a page deep.)

Alongside Dr Runcie as he greeted the royal guests was the new Bishop of London, Graham Leonard, wearing the 1978 Royal Jubilee cope and holding his crosier. His election had been formally confirmed only ten days earlier by five bewigged and be-gowned lawyers assembled at St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. (Re London churches, St Mary's-le-Strand along with its neighbor, St Clement Danes, served as one of the television transmitting points along the royal route to St Paul's.)

Among the 26 priests taking part were the Archbishops of York and Wales with, of course, the Dean of St Paul's, Alan Brunskill Webster, 62. He was also at the great west door with members of the cathedral chapter. Described by *People* as a "clerical maverick" and by one journalist as having "a pleasant parchment face reminiscent of W H Auden," he said in an interview at 9 Amen Court, just off Warwick Lane, that he regretted the absence of a black or a woman participating in the ceremony. "But give us time," pleaded the trendy Dean.

(Such exclusions were "not overtly discriminatory for racial reasons," reported the *International Herald-Tribune* from Paris. "There had been a restriction to avoid what Dr Runcie called 'the jack-in-the-box effect' of too many people popping up and down to read something.")

One surprising inclusion, along with a Free Churchman and a Cardinal, was the participation of an Anglican monk, Fr Harry Williams, CR, chaplain at Trinity College, Cambridge, in the Prince's student days.

As for the form of service, it was not precisely what the royal couple



wanted, the Archbishop himself revealed, adding that he was determined to use the traditional vows because "it is the most familiar form in the English-speaking world." (Or, as *The Times* put it, "the Archbishop of Canterbury married them, using the tremendous old words . . .")

Other advance preparation was in the hands of Dr David Carey, registrar for the Diocese of Canterbury and former legal advisor to Archbishop Coggan. ("My very good sheepdog for arrangements," as Lord Coggan once described him to the Queen Mother.) In mid-June, Dr Carey signed and forwarded to Buckingham Palace a special wedding license. It was embellished with the gold-leaf, red and purple lettering of a Wiltshireman who has prepared every royal wedding license since World War II.

Predictably, the twosome of the year made the covers of both *Time* and *Newsweek*. The latter included a full-page color drawing — almost a caricature — of the Archbishop facing the couple but the magazine unwittingly erred by picturing Dr Runcie with the same miter he had worn at Canterbury — 16 months earlier.

"The bride will have no ring for the bridegroom; double-ring ceremonies accord neither with strict Anglican practice nor with royal tradition," *Newsweek* confided unctuously.

A man who had a leading hand in crafting St Paul's magnificently scaled silver Cross and candles was Duncan Escott who 45 years ago succeeded his father as head of Mowbray's church-furnishings department. But he was not to know how the world's cameras played repeatedly over the altar's simplistic beauty; he died at 75 just three weeks before the wedding.

As everyone took their place on the great day, the Archbishop's chaplain held the familiar primate cross, its tiny statues and jewels set in gold. It had not been seen during Runcie's recent US trip — a gilded lucite cross being substituted — since new laws prohibit national treasures from being taken out of the country.

Beyond the High Altar, the blues and golds of the crucifixion scene caught the morning light but no commentator pointed out that it is part of the American War Memorial Chapel. However, Nancy Reagan had placed a wreath there the previous day commemor-



ating 28,000 Americans who, based in Britain, had lost their lives in World War II.

Once the ceremony began, it moved so swiftly that many viewers confessed to watching re-runs.

"There was Holy Communion at the Coronation," recalled a veteran of Elizabeth II's crowning in 1953, rightfully recollecting a part of the ritual that was shielded from the television cameras. Archbishop Fisher later said from retirement that he wished he had urged it be shared with the public.

Outside St Paul's the bells rang madly from the Cathedral's twin towers — led by the 17-ton Great Paul and companions given by the City of London in 1878. The churches on the Strand joined in with peals from at least eight other venerable spires — St Bride's, Fleet Street; St Michael's, Cornhill; St Giles', Cripplegate; St Vedast's, Foster Lane; St Leonard's, Shoreditch; St Laurence Jewry; St Martin's-in-the-Fields; and across the Thames, Southwark Cathedral.

Among the spectators was the Bishop of Norwich, 65, who had spent Tuesday night camping out on the pavement with his wife and secretary in order to see the pro-

cession along Fleet Street as it approached Ludgate Hill. Earlier in the week he had delivered to a London florist some sprigs of veronica from a plant at Bishop's House, Norwich, that grows from a cutting taken from Queen Victoria's wedding bouquet.

Although St Paul's coffers swelled with twice the number of sight-seers (the usual number is 15,000 visitors a day) in a way it was the Abbey that had the last word. The bridal bouquet was placed at the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior near the Abbey's cavernous main entrance. More than 25,000 persons came in one day to admire the large spray of British-grown flowers, including orchids, gardenias, golden Mountbatten roses — and the sprig of veronica from Norwich.

Unready to let go, London flocked to peruse more than a thousand wedding gifts on display at St James's Palace through early October. Among the great and humble: an embroidered table-cloth from St Mary's Church Sewing Party in the Diocese of Lincoln.

The most lasting observance is that the bride has passed into the



liturgy. Henceforth when the Church prays for the royal family it is bidden to include the Prince and Princess of Wales, replacing the reference to "Charles, Prince of Wales." The change is made under Section One of the Worship and Doctrine Measure, adopted in 1974. By Royal Warrant, the ad-

dition will be included in all future versions of the Prayer Book.

" . . . A fairy tale of present pomp and past glory," testified *Time* in sumptuous summary, "a last page from the tattered book of empire with the gold leaf still intact."—Taddled from various sources

ACCORDING TO —

- A parish priest, Diocese of Missouri: Commissions on the ministry, concerned about future placement of priests, should not declare a moratorium on candidates but a moratorium on mediocrity.
- A reader, 82, Diocese of Toronto: I'm surprised that people who go in a cathedral do not leave money so that it will never be in debt. Imagine if all the guests at the Royal Wedding had each put a dollar in a box as they were leaving, what a lovely homage St Paul's would have received. When I was in Vancouver last summer, I left a few dollars — the widow's mite. I really love cathedrals. When I saw Coventry five years ago I had a weep. Beauty does that to me!
- Novelist Morris West in an author's note at the outset of his newest book, *The Clowns of God*:

Once you accept the existence of God — however you define Him, however you explain your relationship to Him — then you are caught forever with His presence in the center of all things. You are also caught with the fact that man is a creature who walks in two worlds and traces upon the walls of his cave the wonders and the nightmare experiences of his spiritual pilgrimage.

- Fr Benjamin Priest, Director of the Episcopal retreat known as the Oratory of the Little Way, Gayslordsville, Diocese of Connecticut: The Oratory is dedicated to the "Little Way of Spiritual Childhood" the way of little children before they begin to put on the masks forced upon them by a culture that confronts them with so many false images to which they are expected to conform. In order to help those who would

follow this way, the Oratory provides a place to stop awhile and let your soul catch up with your body.

• Fr Eric Simmons, CR, Superior of the Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield: The coming together of the opposites, the meeting and overlapping of the contradictions, is what we recognize and affirm in our celebrations of the Lord's Passover That joy wells up in the midst of all that is difficult and painful, proclaiming that in the hurt lies our healing, that in the heart of the storm there is the still center, the place of our peace that we long for, which passes all our human understanding.

• The Rector of Christ Church, Hackensack, Diocese of Newark: Too often in their church life people adopt an attitude of the theater, imagining that the preacher is an actor and they his critics, praising and blaming the performance. Actually, the people are the actors on the stage of life; the preacher is merely the prompter, reminding the people of their lost lines.

• Lord Harewood, eldest grandson of George V, in his recently published memoirs *The Tongs and the Bones*: All of us [as children] knew that the Duke of Windsor was condemned for putting private life above duty. But it was hard for the younger amongst us not to stand in amazement at the moral contradiction between the elevation of a

code of duty on the one hand, and on the other the denial [to him] of central Christian virtues — forgiveness, understanding and family tenderness.

• A letter to the *International Herald Tribune*: President Reagan's remark that long-distance rates cause him to use sparingly a phone that he says is a direct line to God, brought the reply from Israel's Menachem Begin that he also has a direct line but it is only a local call.

• John Mazzola, President of New York's Lincoln Center, in words that may comfort property owners and parish maintenance committees: We patch and patch and patch but we work on the assumption that you can only keep a place beautiful by maintaining the hell out of it.

• *News of Liturgy*: A priest coming 'round after an operation for kidney stones was told by the anaesthetist, "There, Vicar, you can go and write your Sunday sermon now." And the Vicar heard afterwards that he had instantly replied, "Yes, and the text will be, 'They took him out and stoned him.' "

• Dr Vartan Gregorian, President, New York Public Library, whose announcement of \$10 million of "unexpected money" to be received over the next two years is an exact echo of TAD's philosophy: We are not a commercial entity, we

are an institution for service. We are not pleading poverty—we are working to achieve public and financial support as an international resource of information.

• Sandra Day O'Connor, Episcopalian from the Diocese of Arizona, on being confirmed by the Senate, 99-0, as first woman appointed to US Supreme Court: My hope is that ten years from now, after I've been across the street for a while, they'll all be glad they gave me that wonderful vote.



BURIALS

† Lowell Thomas, 89, Ohio-born, Colorado-reared (Texas Guinan was his Sunday School teacher) veteran newscaster and author known from Denver to Darjeeling; from Christ Church, Pawling, Diocese of New York.

† Margaret W. Tiffany, 69, of Allentown, Pa; one of her last actions before her unexpected death in early October was to send TAD the color transparencies for the front and back of the current issue. "I was Cathedral photographer for many years and most of the work was necessarily in black and white due to expenses in printing our *Weekly Parish Visitor*," she wrote.

"The color slides are my own and were taken only for personal reasons. I am happy that the Cathedral Church of the Nativity, started in 1863, will be receiving such recognition as you intend in *The Anglican Digest*. I am enclosing brief descriptions according to my index system." She was buried from the Cathedral.

† Donald Tyerman, 73, Yorkshire-born son of an accountant and a school teacher, Brazenose Scholar at Oxford, editor of *The Economist*, 1956-65, an era in which it increased in international prominence ("Has *The Economist* arrived yet?", President Kennedy repeatedly asked his secretary Evelyn Lincoln); from St James, Piccadilly, in the City and Diocese of London.

† Dr Margery Blackie, CVO, 79, Hertfordshire-born lass who decided at the age of five that she wanted a medical education and, after qualifying at the Royal Free Hospital, joined the staff of the London Homoeopathic Hospital, meanwhile conducting a private practice that drew patients and students from throughout the world (she served them "fork suppers" during intensive training), writing prodigiously (*The Patient, Not the Cure*, widely published, gave glimpses of her teaching ability), and finally in 1969 accepting appointment as physician to Elizabeth II, a service that a

decade later won her the honor of Commander of the Victorian Order; from St Nicholas, Castle Hedingham, Diocese of Chelmsford.

† **Lester Cappon**, 80, Milwaukee-born, Harvard-educated editor and historian of early American culture (long associated with Colonial Williamsburg, he also lectured at William and Mary, the University of California at Riverside, and Radcliffe); from Emmanuel, Greenwood, Diocese of Virginia.

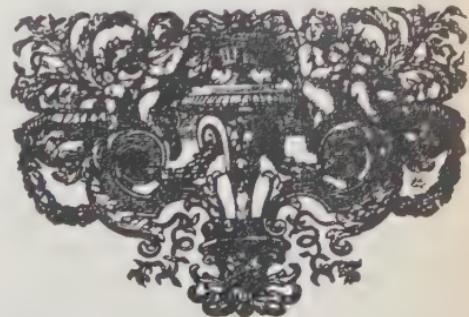
† **Jack Dolph**, 53, CBS sports editor whose tenure as commissioner of the American Basketball Association marked its merger with the National Basketball Association; more recently he had been an independent sports show producer; from St Paul's, Riverside, Diocese of Connecticut.

† **Helen McVey Hollerith**, 52, who for more than two decades organized name decorators' model rooms into annual exhibitions raising thousands for underprivileged children; from Heavenly Rest, Manhattan, Diocese of New York.

† **J A Lloyd Hyde**, 79, New York-born, Hobart-educated specialist on Chinese export porcelain, consultant to the White House and various restorations while simultaneously operating a Manhattan gallery for many years; from St John the Evangelist, Newport, Diocese of Rhode Island.

† **Alec Waugh**, 83, five years older but lesser known than his ascerbic brother Evelyn, but perhaps more prolific (*Island in the Sun* and 49 other books spanning 65 years), faithful to the Anglicanism of his youth as contrasted to Evelyn's constantly self-celebrated conversion to the Roman obedience; from St John's, Tampa, Diocese of Southwest Florida.

† **Marguerite Marie Myrthil Garnier**, wife of the IV Bishop of Haiti; married to the Haitian-born and educated Luc Anatole Jacques Garnier in 1958 after he had been ordained two years and was in charge of Resurrection, Gros Morne; she moved to Port-au-Prince in 1961 when he became priest-in-charge of Epiphany parish and then was dean for nine years before succeeding to the episcopate in 1971; they were the parents of five children; from Holy Trinity Cathedral in the see city.



Without prayer our plans would be guesses and our hopes would be wishes. —Shannon Mallory, I Bishop of El Camino Real

BY WILL AND DEED

★ TO HILLSPEAK, \$6,000 from Winifred Bruce Swinson Hensel, for maintenance and expenses of EBC and TAD, in memory of her son, Norman Fiske Bruce. Long a volunteer worker, especially in Operation Pass Along, the donor had built a home here, Wynnewood, when a friend of many years standing, RADM Karl Hensel, USN, Ret'd, came to visit to Hillspeak; they were married in 1972 in St Mark's Chapel and now spend part of each year in the Ozarks and part at his home in Ft Myers, Diocese of Southwest Florida.

★ TO ST JOHN'S, Oklahoma City, Diocese of Oklahoma, \$5,000 from Louis Nelson, 80, a retired state employee and former vestryman who with his wife, the late Doris Nelson, had been a regular communicant for more than 40 years.

★ TO REDEEMER, Ruston, Diocese of Western Louisiana, \$26,300 from Miss Doris Burd Haskell, 77, a retired professor, plus an additional \$30,700 from the sale of her house, jewelry and personal effects. St Thomas, Camden, Diocese of Maine, where Miss Haskell often summered with her late sister in the family home, shared equally in the estate and local property,

realizing approximately \$40,000. A final \$26,300 to the Diocese of Louisiana has been equally shared with the new Diocese. Accumulating her estate from Standard Oil stock left by her father, aunt and sister, Miss Haskell also named two priests in her will and became the first to bequeath funds to Redeemer since its founding in 1902. Some of the income is currently being used for an expanded ministry to youth and senior citizens.

★ TO ST JOHN'S, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Diocese of Massachusetts, along with Boston University and the Boston Symphony, \$2,000 each from a lifelong member, Miss Alice Brennan, with the notation that the balance should be divided equally among the three — sums which totalled \$100,000 each. According to St John's non-stipendiary priest, the 140-year-old parish was still unaided but declining rapidly with only 60 communicants. A surge of growth, including a hundred Hispanics and blacks, coincided with the bequest from the retired Latin teacher, with the result that St John's now looks forward to having a full-time rector and a comprehensive program for its burgeoning congregation.



God will grant what I require/So long as truth as hot as fire/Consumes the chaff, to clear the floor,/As I stand waiting by the door. —Len Sive Jr, CDSP



POTPOURRI



MAKES THE HEART GLAD / SAD

□ To hear from a traveler in Maui, Hawaii: I found a small Episcopal church about three miles from our hotel. We met a Filipino priest who is the assistant (they are without a rector, so what else is new?) and he placed a pin on each of us as visitors; then on the way out, he greeted us with leis that he placed around our necks. Pinned and flowered, we were given more attention in half an hour than in 50 years in our New Jersey parish!

SHANGHAIED

□ A Canadian priest traveling near Shanghai asked about the possibility of seeing a building once used as an Episcopal convent. "You haven't a Chinaman's chance," said the guide.

A VERY PRESENT HELP

□ My doctor had recommended surgery and referred me to a specialist. Arriving early for my appointment, I found the door unlocked and the young surgeon, deeply engrossed in reading, behind the receptionist's desk. When he didn't hear me come in, I cleared my throat. Startled, he closed the book, which I recog-

nized as the Bible. "Does reading the Bible help you before or after an operation?" I asked. My fears were dispelled by his soft one-word answer: "During." —Eleanor Schmidt of Bakersfield, Calif, in *St Luke's Messenger*, St Luke's, Fort Myers, Diocese of Southwest Florida

"AND ON THE SEVENTH DAY . . ."

□ A clamor is going up over the news that astronomers peering into outer space from three points on the globe have discovered what *The New York Times* called a "vast hole" in the universe. It measures 300,000 light years across, has a density a tenth that of the known universe as a whole and occupies a space equivalent to that which elsewhere contains 2,000 galaxies, each with billions of stars. Some say it's proof that the cosmos didn't start with the Big Bang. Others insist it's proof that man doesn't know what the universe really looks like. But a creationist friend of ours insists it's proof that on the Seventh Day, God rested.
—*Wall Street Journal*



When it comes to giving, some people stop at nothing.

AFTER ALL . . .

A RETIRED priest in his last years began visiting a boys' home and holding informal services there on Sunday evenings. Knowing that he could not carry on much longer, he tried to find another priest to take this over, but without success. As somebody at the clericus meeting said, "After all, you don't have to be a priest to do that."

The old priest then found a layman who was enthusiastic about the project and who was interested in studying for the diaconate. He took him to see the bishop. The bishop terminated the discussion abruptly, stating firmly, "After

all, you don't have to be a deacon to do that."

The old priest then contacted the chairman of the diocesan committee for training layreaders, to see if they could give any help to the layman. But they were no longer functioning and, as the former chairman said, "After all, you don't have to be a layreader to do that."

That summer the old priest died, and Episcopal work at the boys' home was no longer carried on. After all, you don't have to do anything to do that. —*The Living Church*

WE RECOMMEND

§ Sending your check for nine dollars to The Church of the Advent, 30 Brimmer Street, Boston 02108, and requesting your postpaid album of Christmas music, *O Magnum Mysterium*, recorded by the choir. Side 1 consists of Tomas Luis de Victoria's motet and mass, *O Magnum Mysterium* (thus the name of the album) and side 2 presents seven carols, ranging from the well beloved *Lo, How a Rose*, to the lesser known *Myn Lyking* of Richard Terry. With pardonable pastoral pride, Fr Richard Hollo-

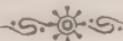
way, Advent's rector, says, "It really is a superior bit of work."

§ Considering a loving service to your parish by volunteering to photograph the altar on festive occasions so that future Altar Guilds may know, as one person put it, "What comes off well." Besides their practical value, such pictures are significant contributions to parish history.

§ *TV Guide's* in-depth study (19 Jul 81) in layman's language, "You're Being Watched," on using cameras to protect banks,

hotels, stores and churches (Cost: \$6000 to \$150,000). "The church is open but protected," says Fr Frank Ross, rector of All Saints (1961-81) in the City and Diocese of Atlanta, which adopted a closed-circuit rather than lock its doors.

§ To rectors who admit young children to Communion—still a debatable practice among clergy and laity alike—one of the best helps you can have for elementary training is *My Communion Book*, a 25-page guide prepared for the 1928 Prayer Book and Rite I or the 35-page book that follows Rite II step-by-step. Copies are \$2.50 each or cheaper if ordered in larger lots. Write St Dunstan's Press, 5635 East 71st St, Tulsa, OK 74136.



THE LARGER PICTURE

WHEREVER they happened to be towards the end of last week, many people in our community were united in a community of interest in the local sports tournament. You could walk into the drugstore, bank, dry cleaners or parish office and ask, "What's the score?" and people immediately knew what you were talking about and, indeed, answered accurately.

The Church, at its best, has a similar relationship to society at large. Life goes on. The observable rhythms of life are invaded with occasional graces and catastrophes. And through it all, and in it all, there is a community of concerned persons following an action, asking, "What's the score?" and having the question answered.

The action we follow is the drama of redemption. It's that ancient and ever-new story of loss and despair turned to victory and hope. The austerities of fasts and penances are designed to improve our vision to see the action, to heighten our awareness of what is truly significant, both in our individual lives and in the world around us. The future, as most of us blunder into it, needs much improved vision and heightened awareness. It needs people who can discern in new national policies new opportunities for the Church and other groups to address the needs of the poor. It needs visionaries who can see through the fog of an unchecked arms race the clear challenge to humanity that to survive, it must turn its back forever on nuclear weapons. Visionaries do not have programs. *They see the larger picture.* They know the score. The future needs visionaries, and you and I are called to be among them. —Rector of Chapel of the Cross, Chapel Hill, Diocese of North Carolina

A bishop writes . . .

WHAT DOES HE DO ALL DAY?

SOMETIMES this question is asked about the bishop! Many are the answers, but one answer is true and important — CONFIRMATION — the adult affirmation of baptismal promises to God. Anglicans specially associate it with their bishops. (In the Orthodox Church the priest confirms, and among Roman Catholics the parish priest can be authorized to do so.) Our own practice could, I imagine, be changed. Yet, the joy of Confirmation for a bishop is that it gives him a real pastoral relationship with people of his diocese.

For the priest, too, Confirmation is a great joy and opportunity. He comes close to children and adults at a time when they seem specially responsive to God's call. They confide in him. He can guide them so that Christ is formed in their hearts by faith.

In the Bible there is a laying-on-of-hands associated with and, generally, following baptism. The Holy Spirit is active in all the sacraments. In Confirmation, through the laying-on-of-hands, the Spirit of God gives His gifts and graces, so that those confirmed may be

more completely conformed to Christ.

Our own service of Confirmation provides an optional anointing before the laying-on-of-hands. Indeed, the name Christ (a Greek word, the same as the Hebrew Messiah) means the one who is "anointed." We are anointed in Confirmation so that we also may be like Jesus, the Anointed One, and like Him, equipped for service inside and outside the Church.

God's gifts bring forth our faith. Confirmation demands we should renounce evil, keep God's commandments and profess our faith in Him. Here is an opportunity to express our desire to love and serve God. Those who are present at parish Confirmations can use such an occasion for renewing their faith.

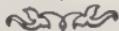
I have confirmed a man who was more than 100 years old. In contrast, I remember a child of eight telling me how much her Confirmation (and Confession and First Communion) meant to her.

"He ought to wait until he is old enough to understand," parents often say, but none of us can ever fully comprehend God's love in Christ; and yet a child can know God is love.

Readiness for Confirmation is shown by practice of prayer and by a heart that knows a little of God's love in saving us and forgiving us.

Confirmation is not necessarily a sacrament of adolescence: many wise priests suggest it should precede or follow that difficult stage in growing up. What is needed is the desire to persevere. The Afrikaans dictionary translates "*Boerematriek*" as "*Confirmation*." *Matric* means that you have left school; for many, Confirmation seems to mean that they have finished with Church. Fortunate are those boys and girls who are Confirmed and who have fathers and mothers who will worship with them Sunday by Sunday afterwards. The example of the parent who has no time for prayer, Bible-reading or Sunday worship can so easily destroy the tender faith of the newly confirmed. "When shall I be old enough to stay away from church like Dad," is a question heard only too often. Example matters tremendously.

But, praise God, there are those who do persevere. Last month I went to a church in Port Elizabeth and felt so happy when the lay minister introduced himself and said, "You prepared me for confirmation 38 years ago." —Bishop of Bloemfontein, South Africa



Why didn't Noah swat those two mosquitoes when he had a chance?



TO THE RESCUE

THE RECTOR of a Liverpool parish church tells a touching tale about a new young curate who was trembling visibly at the prospect of facing his first class of school children as he waited one day in the corridor of the parish school in Moorfields.

Luckily, there was rescue at hand. "Don't worry, Fr Ramsey," said the tiniest teacher on the staff, Miss Florrie Harrison. "I'll sit at the back and see that they behave."

Well, that was 53 years ago; and the future Lord Ramsey (for it was he) kept up a correspondence with the diminutive "Miss Florrie" for the next half-century, even while he was Archbishop of Canterbury.

And that was why he went to Liverpool Parish Church recently to dedicate a memorial to his old friend. It is a carved wooden statue of St Nicholas, patron saint of children, which actually belonged to Miss Florrie, and it seems the right sort of thing for a much-loved teacher who gave back so liberally the love the children gave her. It stands on a pillar just near the seat where she sat until she was over 92. —Taddled from *Church Times*, London



QUARTER WATCH



At Grace Church, Whitestone, Diocese of Long Island, brides

bake bread for the Nuptial Eucharist and present it at the Offerory as the bridegroom pours the wine into the chalice. "It is the beginning," says the Rector, "of bringing together their dining room table with the Altar of God."

¶ St Albans Cathedral, in its see city not far from London, has topped out its new chapter house, the first modern addition to any of Europe's medieval churches; designed to serve youth, choir, archivists and visitors, it is on the site of a structure destroyed in the dissolution of monasteries and is built of handmade bricks that match the 10th century cathedral tower.

¶ Of all parish projects for raising money, All Faith's, Charlotte Hall, Diocese of Washington takes the cake — or rather, the cigars. Its parishioners turn out to harvest tobacco on land lent to them. (Its unique name, All Faith's, is believed to have originated from the days when all churches in the area used the same structure.)

¶ The centenary of P G Wodehouse's birth brings to light that he often stayed with his uncle, the Rev'd Frederick Armien Wodehouse, Rector of St Lawrence's, Gotham, Diocese of Southwark,

1882-1915, head of a large and divergent household which included the original of Wodehouse's best known character, the butler Jeeves.

¶ The Head Verger of San Francisco's Grace Church Cathedral marked his 22nd year by holding sway over a weekly schedule of 21 services plus weddings, funerals, baptisms, and special ceremonies — including a three-day festival celebrating the feast of Francis, the Bay City's patron saint.

¶ The daily conference of vets, scientists and keepers, on the progress of pregnant pandas at London Zoo is known as morning prayers.

¶ Patty Hearst, newspaper heiress who became an Episcopalian while in prison in the late 70s, has chosen a Biblical title for her book due from Doubleday in January as a Literary Guild selection; its title is *Every Secret Thing* based on Ecclesiastes 12:14, "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

¶ A firm known as First Choice of High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, is marketing a Paunchkiller Exercise Bench for 24 pounds — just the amount that rotund prospective customers might like to lose in weight if not in money.

A Christian is like a teabag — he's not any good till he's been in hot water. —A parish bulletin

THE QUOTABLE PAUL BRAND

CELLS:

I believe [the] cells in my body can also teach me about larger organisms: families, groups, communities, villages, nations — and especially about one specific community of people . . . the Body of Christ, that network of people scattered across the planet who have little in common other than their membership in the group that follows Jesus Christ.

BONES:

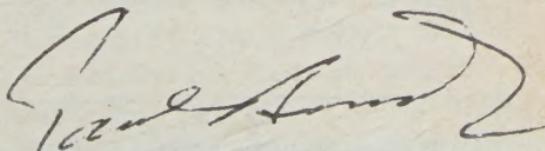
The real value of a skeleton only comes to light when it supports a growing organism. Although our laws, scriptures, traditions and creeds reveal truth in themselves, they exist to serve . . . an organism, the Body of Christ.

SKIN:

The skin's advanced ability to inform helps me understand one of the chief duties of the front line of the Body of Christ: to perceive sensitively the people it contacts. Beginning counselors, eager to help people, are warned, "First, you must listen. Your wise advice will do no good unless you begin by carefully listening to the person in need."

MOTION:

In the Body of Christ, joints are those special areas of potential friction where people work together in some stressful movement. In Christ's Body this natural wear is sometimes seen in the intolerant way that older, wiser Christians may judge those who have a new enthusiasm for the faith but much to learn about behavior or doctrine. . . . Sometimes the grace of God must come in the form of little squirts of synovial fluid to help the old to understand and get along with the young and that help the young to understand what it must be like to have thin cartilage.



Paul W Brand MD

Quoted from
*Fearfully and
Wonderfully Made*

A LITTLE CONVENIENCE DURING CHRISTMAS CONFUSION . . .

A return envelope has been included in this TAD in which to enclose your order, as follows:

\$ _____ Annual Membership in the EPISCOPAL BOOK CLUB:
4 selections for \$25; \$30 outside US.

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\$ _____ Gift Subscription to TAD:
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(Continued from inside front cover)

Paul's incomparable analogy of Christ's Body as the Church, the Body of Christ on earth, which is the basis of our extraordinary book by Dr Paul Brand and Philip Yancey.

We offer you, then, a celebration of the Nativity as centered around an American cathedral with that unique dedication (see cover and pages 26 through 29).

With regard to St Luke, we present a cavalcade of Lucan commentaries and articles—

The customary visit to the authors of the current book.

A profile of a unique institution, St Luke's Hospital for Clergy.

A memoir of Carville, the US treatment center for leprosy.

An insightful look at the International Order of St Luke.

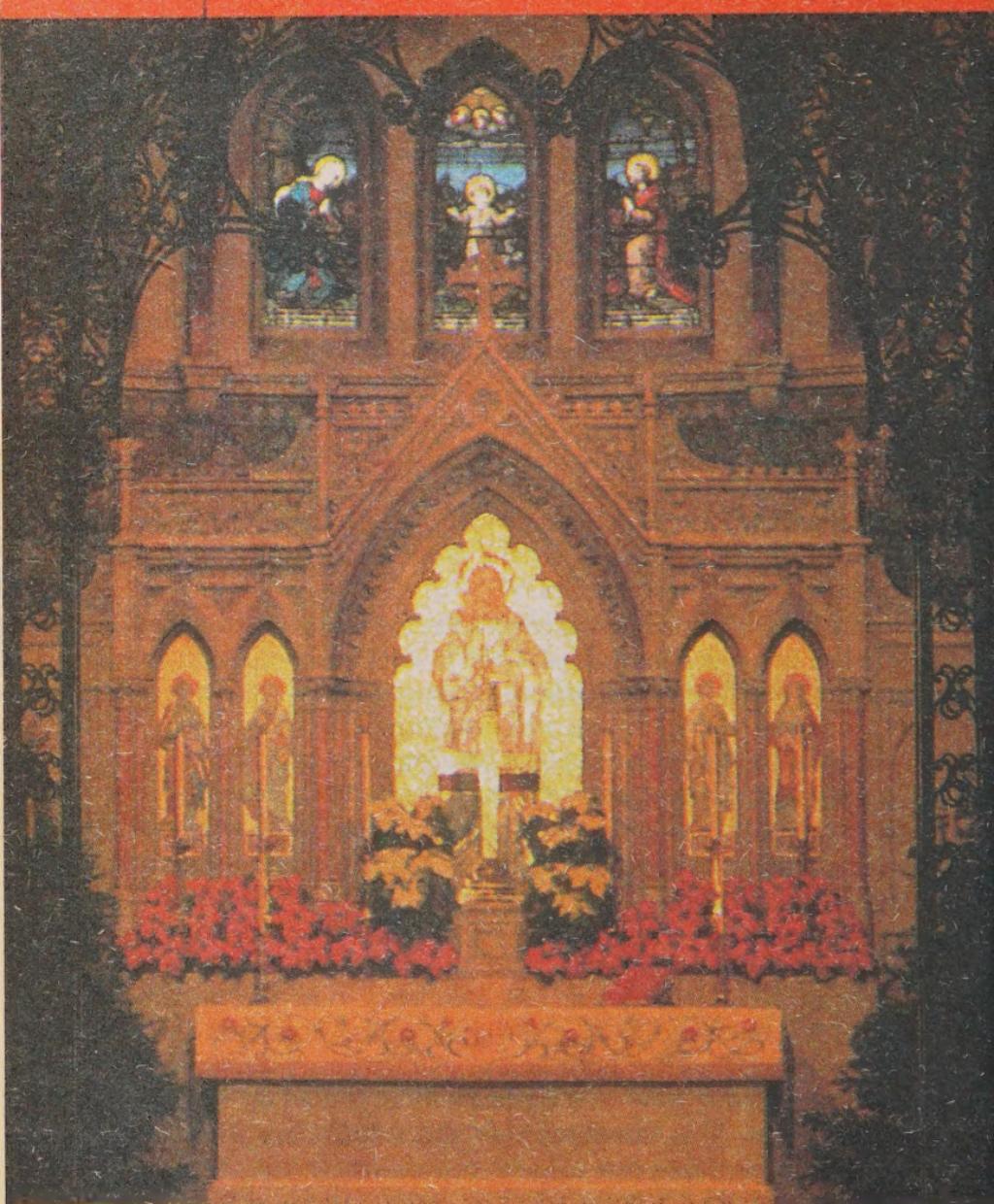
Reading these articles is a good way to get the most out of *Fearfully and Wonderfully Made*. By the same token, time spent with the book will enrich the articles.

The authors, a Christian surgeon and a free-lance writer, examine the human body and the spiritual body. They come up with some fascinating, enriching comparisons. Discipline of exploration has been a keynote, however, and what could have been endlessly encyclopedic is deftly confined to four basic topics — cells, bones, skin and motion. (Readers eager for more will be happy to learn that the pair are at work on a sequel exploring pain, blood, head and spirit.)

All in all, the authors succeed admirably in developing the metaphor the New Testament uses more than 30 times to refer to the universal church.

For such good reading in any season, especially as Christmas approaches, we are indebted to an EBC member of nine years standing — Anna Margaret Feild, a past president of the Episcopal Church Women of the Diocese of New Jersey. The warmth with which Mrs Feild commended it gives new credence to an old adage that good news travels fast — so fast that, with EBC's order, the number of copies in print within a few months time is nearly 100,000.

"The apostle Paul's great, decisive words about the Body of Christ were addressed to congregations in Corinth and Asia Minor that, in the next breath, he assailed for human frailty," the authors conclude. "Note that Paul, a master of simile and metaphor, did not say the people of God are 'like the Body of Christ.' In every place he said *we are* the Body of Christ. The Spirit has come and dwelt among us, and the world knows an invisible God mainly by our representation, our 'enfleshment' of Him."



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